The Middletown Transcript.

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Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

LINDLEY & KEMP,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

AT THE

MIDDLETOWN STOVE HOUSE

Middletown, Delaware.

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ON MAIN STREET,

we respectfully solicit a continuance of his patronage. We will have constantly on hand

STOVES AND HEATERS

of all descriptions. Also

Slate Mantels,

and a large assortment of

TIN WARE

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Promptly and neatly done.

REPAIRS

for all kinds of

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Tin Ware of every description made to order and repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877.tf

Select Poetry.

AT THE BAR.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white throne,
Veiled in its roseate clouds the voice came forth;
Before it stood a parted soul alone,
And rolling east, and west, and south, and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead:
"Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?"

Shivering he listened, for his earthly life
Had passed in dull unnoted calm away;
He brought no glory to its daily strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius' fiery ray;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor.

Lo, from the solemn concourse hushed and dim,
The Widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;
The struggler told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes;
And like a chorus spoke the crushed and sad,
"He gave us all he could, and what he had."

And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up, like leaves by soft spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown by chance flung seed;
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.

Oh ye, by circumstances' strong fetters bound,
The store so little, and the hand so frail,
Do but the best ye can for all around;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;
Winning among your neighbors poor and weak,
Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

Select Story.

THE SHINDLEY FAMILY.

About forty-three years ago, a ragamuffin, freckled face urchin, of 15 years, was seated on a gate-post opposite his paternal hovel, to see the "York stage" go by. Usually when the mail reached the top of the little "rise" on which Sam Shindley's cabin stood, the driver took his long tin horn from the top of the coach, and played a long and loud stirring charge, to let the old postmaster of a village in sight under the hill know that he was coming.

On the morning of our story, Sam Shindley's eldest boy, Dick, or "Dickens," as he was better known in the neighborhood, had a cow's horn in his hand; and, as the stage-coachman sounded his usual alarm, Dick commenced a discordant and horrible imitation from the top of the gate-post, greatly to the ire of the coachman and the amusement of the passengers within.

"That little imp will come to no good end," said the driver to a gentleman passenger who sat alongside of him. "See the rogue running to climb up behind! There, he is on, and knows my whip is not long enough to give him a cut. Off there, you young blackguard!"

But, Dick only peered his freckle visage round the trunks, and touched the side of his nose, in the most impudent manner conceivable by a virtuous man. Dick had his ride down the long hill, and sprang off about twenty yards before the coach drew up at the postoffice.

The passenger who had been on the box, alighted while the mail was changing, and, walking towards Dick, said to him:

"Come here, my little chap. I wish to speak with you."

"No you don't!"

"But I do. I will not hurt you. I want a boy like you in town, to be in my office. Would you like to go to New York?"

"I was there once on Jim Fickley's market cart. I would rather be there than out here."

"So I thought. What does your father do?"

"He? Nothin' much, I reckon. He loafs about, gets a day's work when he can, does chores for the quality, and sometimes makes gardens and 'tends horses. But he drinks like a fish and never has no money."

"Then you would do well to come with me."

"What would you give me?" asked Dick, drawing near with more confidence.

"Your board and clothing and a quarter of a dollar a week."

"Agreed!" answered the boy, boldly and unreservedly.

"It is fifteen miles to town. You can get on top of the stage."

"The old fellow with the horn won't let me."

"O, yes—I'll see to that. You have no baggage?"

"What is that?"

"You have no other clothes?"

"What do I want with more than these, boss? I can't wear two pair o' breeches at once."

"You'll do."

The driver objected to taking the new passenger; but finally yielded saying:

"He can climb on top, and hold on with his eye-teeth. I shall be glad to see him no more a-top o' that post. So let him go!"

Two hours afterwards our hero got down from the stage at an inn in the Bowery, and followed his employer to a dingy office in Nassau street. The man was a quack and pill vender. He needed an impudent varlet to vend his wares and Dick struck him as the very boy that he could make serviceable.

In a few days, Dick Shindley was fairly enitiated into the mystery of peddling pills about the city. He was shrewd, humorous, sausy, witty and knowing. He was marvelously successful. He let no one escape whom he addressed. He sees a stout gentleman before him:

"Buy a box of Dr. Hum's celebrated roomattuc pills?"

"No, boy."

"Cure the toothache and make hair grow on the soles of your feet."

"Don't want any."

"Cure roomatism, and no mistake!"

"Haven't any rheumatism. Go off!"

"But you will have it, old un! Better buy. On'y twenty-five cents.—What's a quarter to a rich great hunks like you! Cure the consumption, headache, and every other ache, 'specially corns."

"There! give me a box. Take that; now be gone!"

But Dr. Hum, was indicted for forgery of some other Doctor Hum's signature, and Dick was cast upon the world with only two nine pence, an old hat, a new pair of breeches and his five months' experience as a pill-peddler, in which vocation he had become perfectly familiar with every street in Gotham, and had picked up a good many acquaintances, such as they were. He had a particular friend—a hackney coachman—who took him in on shares, to drive and rub down the horses.

Behold Mr. Dickens Shindley now rising in the world! He now began to make money, and the love of grain developed itself in his soul. He bought less and less ginger bread and soda water, and began to hoard up the cents and fourpence ha'pennies. He made a money-box and hid it in the stable loft, and into it put all his gains. He found that he could live cheaper by buying bread and cheese when he was hungry, and sleeping in the hackney coach, than by boarding; and so they lived along in this economical vagabond way for several months, when the hackman took sick and died, and Dick was elevated to his place as full driver. In this sphere of usefulness he continued until he was eighteen, by hook and by crook, the large sum of two hundred and eighty-four dollars.

In those days there was no savings banks for small gains. Dick kept his treasure in the stable, concealed from every eye. At length the soul of our young friend began to expand with conscious emotions. When he saw the handsome carriages of the rich roll past, he envied the liveried splendor of the coachman, and resolved to rise in the world by applying for the first vacant "Box" that should offer in a gentleman's family. The opportunity for gratifying his wishes soon arrived, and Dick, in a new suit and nicely combed hair, applied for the place and accepted. His employer was a wealthy merchant, who lived in the lower part of Broadway at that day, and whose family lead the fashion. It was a nice old-fashioned aristocratic home, and the air of wealth and splendor which surrounded everything quite dazzled the new coachman.

Dickens was a young man who had his eyes always about him. He seemed to consider that every position he occupied was only to give him a lift to something better. He had no intention of driving horses all his life. In the secret of his heart, he hoped one day to own horses and have a driver of his own. But these were dim outlines in the future, and did not seem likely to ever be filled out. He continued to drive the coach of Mr. Robt. Rowley, the millionaire merchant; and, when he could give his attention to it, he endeavored to learn the secrets whereby his master grew rich.

It so happened that, one day, when the family were in the country and the carriage not in use, that the man of heavy work in the store was taken ill, and Mr. Rowley sent up for Dickens to take his place for a few days. No message was ever more welcome. To be in the store where all the money was made, was the carriage-driver's ambition. He had got tired driving out a fat old lady and the young lady's obeying their whims, and, beside, he could not make any money beyond his wages—that he could not speculate.

He went down to the store with alacrity. He made himself so willing, and was so intelligent and useful, that when, after a week, the "heavy man" returned, Mr. Rowley said:

"Richard, how would you like to remain here? I will give you lighter work—to pack and unpack goods, and open and shut up. I can easily get another coachman; but I know you and believe you to be honest."

The engagement was soon made.—Richard, as he was now called, at the end of the year had so completely mastered all the details of his work that his wages were increased, he was promoted one step higher. In the meanwhile he spent his evenings in learning to write and read, and attend regularly for a year a night school, where he was induced into mathematics, grammar, geography and other branches. He also learned book-keeping by double and single entry, and became so familiar with a clerk's duties that upon an occasion when the eldest clerk of the five left to set up for himself, and there was a change made all round, and he was made fifth clerk. Slowly he rose until, when he was twenty-one years of age, he was second book-keeper and confidential clerk; for Mr. Rowley always went to him to know about any details of the business.

"At twenty-five, Mr. Richard Shindley was taken into the firm as junior partner, the announcement being made in the following card in the morning papers:

"PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—Mr. Richard Shindley is a partner in our house on and after this date.

ROBERT ROWLEY & Co.

The tide of time was now fairly carrying our hero on to fortune. Yet with his elevation, there still remained a good deal of "Dick Shindley," the freckled-face varlet. Prosperous and money-making he had become, but he was still vulgar. He was an ignorant man. He knew but little beyond what he acquired at his night schools. He still seemed to fancy that one dress was as much as a man could wear at a time, and appeared from his meanness to have only one suit, which, when he was in the street, made him look like a man not worth five shillings, while he was partner in a house that done an annual business of nine hundred thousand dollars. Everybody said Shindley will, one day, be richer than Rowley, himself, for he spends nothing.

At twenty-seven, Mr. Shindley took to himself a wife. She was not of the aristocracy; but she was a poor young woman whom he "sparked" when he was coachman. She earned a subsistence by making shirts and trowsers, and being saving, affable, pretty and good-natured, she quite won Dickens' heart, and he engaged himself to her to be married when he was rich enough. To do him justice, he did not break off the engagement when he began to rise in the world. She sewed on his buttons for him, and was the pleasantest female company he knew; for Mr. Shindley, though a partner in a rich house, never felt himself at home with refined and elegant ladies of the "upper ten." It was not congenial with his tastes. He could not feel at home there. But he always felt at home in William street, in the little back where Sally Sawyer always welcomed him Sunday nights with a smile and a cup of tea and doughnuts, for which Mr. Shindley, junior partner, always had a great weakness.

Mr. Shindley did not, as other men would have done, look upon his elevation to a partnership in this large business house as a lift into society, nor did he have a thought of making use of it to get into the circle of the fashionable world; but regarded it only as a means of acquiring riches and gratifying in his passion for money. Though recognized on charge by bows from the first merchants, he no more thought of making acquaintances with their families than as if he had been still Dick, the coachman. Socially, in feelings and sympathies, he was really only the equal to Miss Sawyer "to the altar." We beg pardon when one is led to the altar, it is supposed they are married in a church. Mr. Richard Shindley had, in the first place, put off his marriage several weeks, before he could make up his mind to go to the expense of a new wedding suit. And when he had got his consent to this extravagance, he delayed a week until he could make the proper inquiries as to whether it would be more expensive to be married by a minister than the justice of the peace. The result was, that he decided to be married by a justice, as the fee was but one dollar and a half, license and all, while a minister would expect five dollars, or, at least, three dollars. Moreover, carriage hire would be saved, as Justice Tythenot lived very next door to the humble room occupied by the bride elect.

So they were married; but, instead of a new coat, Sally saw it was the old coat renovated, his heart having failed him when he went to the tailors to be measured. He had got a good, though humble wife, and he knew it. She had saved up twelve hundred dollars, and he knew it; for he had it at interest for her for two years past. She would be a saving and trustable wife, he was well aware, and not run him into debt, like Mr. Rowley's, with cashmere shawls and velvet dresses.—She will help him grow rich, for she will save all and spend nothing, and we can keep house where she has lived."

Sally was pleased and Richard was satisfied, and what more can be asked? No one knew of his marriage—not even his partner! Sally still lived where she did, and made shirts and supported the expenses of the house. Mr. Shindley grew rich apace. At length, a little *scan. mag.* rendered it necessary that he should make known his marriage to his partner, which he had kept secret lest he should have to move into a more costly house, and furnish it and live up to his income, which, the last year, was forty-three thousand dollars clear, all safely invested in the bank.

Mr. Shindley's far-sightedness did him credit; for his senior partner no sooner learned the facts of his marriage than he said:

"Well, your wife must be seen. I will tell Mrs. Rowley to call on her, with my daughter Clara."

Mr. Shindley could not say a word in objection. In a word, he felt flattered. But he could not let them call at No. 39½ William street. He knew enough of the world, though he had been born in a roadside hovel, and spent his juvenility blowing a cow horn on the top of a gate post, he knew enough of what ought to be, that a man, in his mercantile rank, ought to live in better style. So, with much sighing at the expense, he took a bedroom—only a bedroom—at the fashionable house of Mrs. Major T—, who lived in Broadway.

Mrs. Shindley was now thrown into new scenes. She had good sense, tact, judgment, and saw that it was necessary she should appear as well as the finely dressed people about her. She had suspected her husband's wealth of late, for he had kept his prosperity from her; but somehow she got to the knowledge of his wealth. But he would not listen to her request that he should get a new coat and vest to go to dinner with, or that she should have a new silk.

Human nature is human nature, especially in woman. Mrs. Sally Shindley was not superior to her sex's ambition. She knew she was fine-looking and had a good figure. She knew she had money at interest. So she resolved to purchase for herself a dress as became her rustic beauty and her husband's wealth.

In boarding houses people do not ask where people come from, nor care where they go. The question that arises in that arena is simply one of present moment. "Are they rich?—Are they very respectable?" Of course, this being answered in the affirmative, when framed in relation to the new boarders, they have no difficulty in being well received and having due deference extended to them.

The result was, that Mrs. Shindley got to be a very dressy body, and that Mr. Shindley was induced to dress like a gentleman, and to get quite into the way of playing, "great man," and seeing his wife thought of as a rich and distinguished person. Women, raised from a low position, act their part in the more elevated one far better than men. A woman, if she is pretty and speaks good English, and has money behind her, can pass for a lady where her husband will still show the cloven foot of vulgar breeding.

Mrs. Shindley was so happy as to form, at the boarding house, some dashing acquaintances, in the wives of once opulent men, reduced by their extravagance aided by their own speculations. Under the tutelage of such instructors, the wife of the junior partner soon learned all the ways of fashionable life, and what money was for, and ere long Mr. Richard Shindley was compelled to write the advertisement following for one of the city papers:

HOUSE WANTED.—In a fashionable part of the city, a handsome residence, for which a fair cash price will be paid. Inquire of Richard Shindley, house of Rowley, Shindley & Co.

This advertisement is one of the proofs of womanly ways and means of a man. Mr. Shindley purchased a handsome mansion, and paid fifty thousand dollars for it. He also gave his handsome wife a check for ten thousand dollars more to furnish it and, with the aid of her two fashionable broken down friends, she soon had the rooms filled with rich furniture. It now became necessary to hire servants.

"Not less than four will do, Dick," said Mrs. Shindley; "a cook, a house girl, a chamber maid and a coachman."

"A coachman?" exclaimed Mr. Shindley, with some rising color in his cheeks.

"Yes; we must keep a carriage, of course, Dick. You know it is not hottong not to keep equipage. You are rich enough to afford it."

"But it is all a dead outlay. It brings in nothing."

But Mrs. Shindley, as all wives will, did have her way. The carriage was purchased, the coachman hired, and all the servants engaged. The next step was a party. The party was given. It was a superb affair. Mrs. Shindley's dear broken-down friend from the boarding house, Mrs. Colonel De Swift superintended everything, and "everything" was "recherchy" and "komma eel fox," as Mrs. Sally Shindley, the rich junior partner's "fast" wife, whose French education had been neglected, said.

The Rowley's were at the party.—They forgot that Mr. Shindley had, eight years before, been their coachman. In New York, money is aristocracy. People never ask rich folks if even they had fathers, taking it for granted that they never had any. *Viva* "now" and *a bas* "yesterday" is the motto of Parvenudom. Ask not who people were, but who they are. So the former coachman was hidden under the hammer-cloth of the present rich junior partner.

Mrs. Shindley was now fairly launched on the fashionable tide of upper-tendom life and expenditure. Her first son was christened Frederick Mortimore de Lisle Shindley! In the course of time, an infant daughter was baptized Elenor Julia Louise Shindley. So Mr. Shindley as years rolled on, begat sons and daughters, and increased in wealth. His senior partner at length retired, "rich enough," and left the house, with all its commercial resources, solely in the junior partner's hands.

Mr. Shindley grew richer, and began to grow gray. His sons and daughters began to grow up like olive plants about his table. Mrs. Shindley was fully imbued with all the elements of tondom. Her sons had French, and dancing, and boxing, and fencing masters; and her daughters all but the boxing and fencing. The young gentlemen were educated to understand and feel that father was rich, and that they must keep up the honor of the house. The daughters were not behind the sons one whit. And even Mr. Shindley began to lessen the mania for getting money, to see how aristocratically his wife and children spent it. He felt that he was every year growing richer, and that they could not run him dry, and so he began to enter into the high life, and even to give dinners. Mr. Shindley was but a man. He was human nature. He was only flesh and blood; indeed, we may say that he was dust, and, therefore, frail. Mr. Shindley, therefore, sent his two sons to college at four thousand dollars a year including tutor's fees, postage and cigars, to say nothing of the college bills for tuition and board which were extra. He sent his two daughters to Troy, at one thousand dollars a year including tuition and "lights."

At length the head of Mr. Shindley grew gray. Mrs. Shindley had become portly and rouged. Frederick Mortimore was the lion *des beaux* of Broadway, and Clarence Labagette, his brother, drove the fastest nag on Third Avenue, and his father gave him the whole of one story of four rooms to entertain his friends, like an English noble. Miss Elenor Julia was a belle, a fortune in prospective and toast. Miss Isabel Cornelia de Coursey Shindley, her younger sister, was a superb singer, piano player and flirt. They were all four so well educated that they quite saw through the fogies' (pa's and ma's) ignorance and primitive vulgarity, and ceased to obey or respect them. Mr. Shindley felt quite his original inferiority in the presence of his fashionable daughters, and was afraid they should know he had once blowed a cow-horn on his daddy's gate-post; while Mrs. Shindley felt nervous lest her superb and lordly-looking sons, with there fine coats, patent leathers, moustaches and great airs, should suspect that she had once made breeches at two shillings a pair, in William street. Young America ruled the great rich house in Broadway, while old America supplied the funds to keep up the style in which they had brought up young America to live.

One day the two young men now of twenty-two and twenty-four respectively, proposed to their father that their name, as it was, was exceedingly "low," and that it should be restored to its original purity.

"And what is that Mortimore my son?"

"Chandleur! This is no doubt, the original spelling. It has been corrupted. For my part, I mean to sink the Shindley and write Chandleur. I have no question but we are French. I have been taken for a Frenchman. Doubtless, we come of a noble family."

Now Mr. Mortimore Courtney had no knowledge of the gate post and cow horn nor of the pill boxes and hackney coach. Children, often happily, wicked and malicious as the world is, remain in ignorance of parental histories. Frederick Mortimore considered his family aristocratic; for he had been in affluence, raised with all the surroundings of wealth, and the shadow of the gate post and cow horn had never crossed his rosy path.

At length Richard Shindley, Esq., (we beg pardon—Richard Chandleur, Esq.,) was gathered to his fathers, and in due time his wife followed, and sumptuous monuments of white marble reared above their mouldering heads, tell where they rest.

The young men knew nothing of business. Their mother would not have them educated other than as "gentlemen"—that is, as useless drones, literary "know nothings," without speaking politically. So they could only "gather where they had not strown." The patrimony, which proved to be only two hundred and twenty thousand dollars (for much had been expended,) was divided by four, giving each fifty-five thousand dollars.

The girls soon married fast men, and one of them, now separated from her husband, teaches music at six hundred dollars a year in the South; and Elenor, as a widow, penniless, keeps a boarding house in San Francisco.

Mr. Frederick Mortimore Courtney de Lisle Chandleur (vice Shindley) in three years run through his fifty-five thousand dollars; for New York is a great city, and easily swallows up small sums like this as a crocodile a swarm of small flies. The graduation from money all gone to want of money and can't get it, is but a step; and thence loaferism and hanging on at old haunts for a drink, so long as clothes are decent, and then a descent to lower and lower levels as the garments become more and more wretched, and, finally, a bed on the Battery, a night in the lock-up, and a coroner's inquest: "Found dead," or "Found drowned."

The former appellation was attached to the announcement of "an unknown young man found dead in Fulton Market." That unknown young man was Frederick Shindley. He had run his career, and found a grave in the potter's field, where they bury "strangers."

The next brother became a gamester. He lost his whole patrimony in eight months, and enlisted as a soldier to keep from starving. He ran away after serving nine months, and now drives a cab in New Orleans.

The above is no fiction. It is a history that has had its parallel in the career of numerous American families. Wealth easil acquired is soon squandered; and, more than once, when the rich Richard Shindley rolled along in his costly coach to church, by the side of his wife, he sighed for the happiness that he felt in his first ride on Jim Fickley's market cart, when he was a boy, and happy to sit all day long on a gate post blowing a cow's horn.

And "Dickens" left brothers and sisters behind, in the cabin on the roadside. They grew up, and went to farming or trades, and are now happy grand-parnts in middle life, surrounded with virtuous children, and content with an independence; for "to make haste to be rich" is, in the end, not without peril to than real happiness which is far oftener found in humble life than in the calls of opulence and fashion.—*A. B. Smith's World of Fashion.*

GRADUATIONS OF CRIMES.—The wisdom of many people and of all ages ordains, for the punishment of the same act, various degrees of severity, according to the influence of circumstances or the guilt of the offenders. True, homicide may be only killing by misadventure, as the case may be. It is, therefore, strictly on principle that the act of converting to one's own use the money of another exhibits, in the light of our lofty civilization, various graduations of guilt, which, after the manner of criminal statutes, the amount of the spoilation being in this case the principal criterion. Thus:

Taking $1,000,000 is called a case of genius.
Taking $100,000 a case of shortage.
Taking $50,000 a case of litigation.
Taking $25,000 a case of insolvency.
Taking $10,000 a case of irregularity.
Taking $5000 a case of defalcation.
Taking $1000 a case of corruption.
Taking $500 a case of embezzlement.
Taking $100 a case of dishonesty.
Taking $50 a case of thievery.
Taking $25 a case of total depravity.
Taking one ham a case of war on society.

ANOTHER DISTRESSED NOBLEMAN. A tramp came along the other day, says the Bridgeport *Standard*, and confided to the impressible better half of a farmer on the road that he was a Count who was travelling through the country in this humble way seeking a true heart which he might win and take back with him to share in the revenues of his immense estates in Italy. He begged that she wouldn't mention the fact, as it might interfere with his cherished plan of being loved for himself alone. She promised not to say a word about it, and invited the Count to stop with them all night, giving him the best bed in the house and the seat nearest the beefsteak at the supper-table. The meal was quite a revelation to her in the matter of the table habits of the nobility of Europe, but the discovery she made in the morning was still a greater eye-opener. His Lordship had departed in the small hours, taking with him, probably as cherished souvenirs, the larger portion of the bed linen, the farmer's best boots, an old horse pistol, and half a ham. He left a dirty, scrawling, misspelled note, stating that he must away, as his passionate longings for the true heart of which he was ever in search would not let him rest until they were united. The farmer loaded his shot gun, took the road, and was gone two days, but didn't find the Count. He must have gone back to his estates in Italy.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so even amidst an army of soldiers.

Varieties.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

A base ball player is said to be like a railroad employee when he's out on a strike.

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we try to grasp it, it still eludes us and still glitters.

That man who lives in vain, lives worse than vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.

The friend who hides from us our faults is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.

God had but this one end in the creation of the universe—to form an angelic heaven from the human race.

Persons who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

Things right in themselves are more likely to be hindered than advanced by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

Happy child! The cradle is still to thee a vast space; become a man and the boundless world will be too small for thee.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

Assurance and intrepidity, under the white banner of seeming modesty, clear the way to merit that would otherwise be discouraged by difficulties.

No company is far preferable to bad, because we are much more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

Preachers paralyze the truth by prayerlessness. Prayer is, at first, the outgrowth of need, the cry of the beggar; afterwards the outgrowth of love, the expression of thanks.

It appears to be among the laws of nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and cooped up by the little, as the solitary flight of one little bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

Not only is kindness due to every one, but a special kindness is due to every one. Kindness is not kindness unless it be special. It is in its fitness, seasonableness and individual application that its charms consist.

No man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and asserted with bitterness if even to his own conscience he is detected in the wrong.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

If this life is unhappy, it is a burden to us, which is difficult to bear; if it is in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it, so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension.

Love makes itself understood by the simplest beings; it bears with it a charm which moves the indifferent, and the eyes of two young lovers have a language whose sweetness penetrates even those who have never loved.

Be not ashamed to be helped, for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How then, if being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

Appearances are deceitful; remember that, and don't act too quickly upon the inferences you draw from them. The person in a shabby coat and hat may be a millionaire; the other, in the latest style of seal skin overcoat, the clerk who has robbed him.

On! there is many an evil which can stand the blow of honest indignation, but trembles under the sharp thrust of the polished sword of wit, and feels the blow to be a mortal one. So use what wit you have, O man! Who is your grumbling critic that he dares forbid you?

He will do the most work and do it best who is happy and cheerful. There is nothing like a singing heart for devoted, earnest service. But it ought to be cheerfulness which has come through pain, for then there is an appreciation of all sides of humanity and of all the wants of the world.

Sin is like the letting out of waters, at first a trickling stream a finger might stop, at last a flying flood sweeping man and his works alike to ruin. Sin is a fire; at first a spark that a drop might extinguish, at last a conflagration taning cities on its wings, and melting primeval rocks into dust.

The Middletown Transcript.

EDWARD REYNOLDS, Editor.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1877.

It is said that the movement among Democratic politicians in favor of Senator Bayard as the party candidate for President in 1880 is beginning to assume definite shape—that is so far as is deemed prudent so far ahead. Many persons think that had Mr. Bayard been taken as the candidate last year, as it doubtless was the desire of a very large portion, if not a majority, of the party that he should be, instead of Mr. Tilden whom many of them seriously objected to, he would have received such a majority of the electoral as well as popular vote as would have totally quashed all schemes for defrauding him out of the election, at the outset, and there would have been no Electoral Commission humbugs and no Florida and Louisiana swindles.

The California Election.—The latest returns received from California indicate that the Democrats have elected ten Senators and fifty-seven Assemblymen, and the Republicans ten Senators and twenty-three Assemblymen. Including the Senators who hold over the Democrats will have a majority on joint ballot of thirty-eight. This is sufficient to secure the defeat of Senator Sargent, and the election of a Democrat to the U. S. Senate in his place; but the Legislature is not so strongly Democratic as the last was, when the Democrats had a majority of fifty-three on joint ballot over Republicans and Independents combined. This decrease may be accounted for in the greater interest taken in this election, because of the responsibility of choosing an U. S. Senator, over that of 1875, which makes the Democratic victory all the better.

A Pretty Romance Spoiled.—The romantic story which was published in so many papers last week—ours among the rest—that the Turkish general, Osman Pacha, the hero of one of the late battles near Plevna, was the infamous Col. Crawford, who was the hero of a great many adventures in this country and Mexico, and who cut a grand swell a few years ago at Chestertown, Md., has all been completely spoiled and utterly annihilated. Col. Crawford is a reckless character and has had a pretty romantic and adventurous career, but he did not quite rise to the dignity and responsibility of a commander of Turkish soldiers, and his fame has about become extinguished. The Turkish Minister, thinking that the Crawford-Pacha story had about gone far enough, sent a little dispatch to the Associated Press, last week, to the effect that he knew that Osman Pacha was a native born Turk, and therefore not Mr. Crawford. In addition to this it has been clearly proven that the gay Colonel was in Ohio at the time he was said to have gone to Egypt, and instead of being engaged in soldiering for the Khedive he was plying his favorite vocation of swindling by means of faro banks and other such disreputable means. So good-bye to the American-Turkish romance.

Chamberlain, Patterson, Scott, Moses & Co., the carpet-bag thieves, who so nearly bankrupted and ruined South Carolina, are very bitter against the legislative investigators, and the grand juries of that State who have traced up their villainies and indicted them to answer for them. They also denounce Gov. Hampton in rather unmeasured terms, saying that these legal proceedings are a breach of faith, &c. In this they are backed up by a good many Republican journals, who grieve considerably about the Democratic persecution of these martyrs of radicalism. This is certainly a lovely idea—that a set of men who went to the State as political adventurers, and by means of the most wholesale and unscrupulous trickery, succeeding in getting into official places, shall be allowed to walk off with their plunder unmolested, and that not even a question shall be asked about their conduct but that it shall be assumed that they were all honest and upright men—in the very face of facts that point directly to the contrary; and that though an investigation shall have been made, and these fellows proven to have been as big a set of thieves and scoundrels as ever escaped the penitentiary, and to have almost bankrupted the State by their plunderings, yet nothing should be done with them and they should be allowed to go scot free. If Messrs. Chamberlain & Co., were, in truth, the honest, upright gentlemen that they claim to be, and were as innocent of wrong as they assert themselves to be, they would not fear an investigation into their conduct, but would rather court it, in order that the many charges of corruption and fraud might be exploded, and the truth be made known. Honest men are never afraid of the laws nor of having their conduct investigated. These complaints of Chamberlain and his friends, and their objections to a trial, and attempts to escape it are sufficient of themselves to arouse suspicions—to say the very least—that there was a good deal of rottenness in their Denmark.

Thomas Francis Curley, convicted of the murder of Mary Ann Whitley, was hanged on Monday in Norristown. He was cool and composed, and said nothing except to bid the spectators good bye.

The mystery hanging over the Charlie Ross abduction case seems to be almost unsolvable. Hundreds of attempts have been made, and hosts of theories advanced, but thus far nothing has succeeded in unraveling it. The lecture delivered by ex-Councilman Logan, on Monday evening, in Phi adelphia, has not served to in any way mitigate the public interest in the affair. The assertions made by the lecturer were of a very bold and desperate nature. If Mr. Logan has the proofs to substantiate what he has said, and the means to carry out his threatened exposures, he can give a clearer insight into the mystery than has yet been obtained. For one, though anxious to see an end of this sad and mysterious affair, we would be sorry indeed to have Mr. Logan's assertions proven to be true. It would be a grievous and depressing thing were it proved that Mr. Ross, knowing well the whereabouts of his boy, had kept the knowledge to himself, and been all the while playing off on the sympathies of the public, so-freely given him in what has ever been regarded a most terrible and sore affliction. For our own part we don't believe a syllable of Mr. Logan's pretended knowledge, but he should be compelled to furnish the evidences on which his pretences are founded, if he can do so, or if it is proved that he has wilfully slandered an upright and honest man he should be severely punished for his temerity and villainous conduct.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

Now that the business season for the fall is about to open, we would earnestly commend to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity a perusal of the advertisements of the merchants and other business men of Middletown in the Transcript. No town on the peninsula can boast of more or better stores than Middletown, and no where else can better or larger assortments of goods be found than upon the shelves of our merchants. We have seven first-class stores of general merchandise, where almost everything from a needle to a second-hand pulpit can be obtained; two excellent hardware stores, where anything and everything that anybody need want can be had; two large stove and tin-ware stores, where an assortment of these goods sufficient to gratify the tastes of the most particular, can be found; two firms who will furnish coal, lime, fertilizers and such needed articles in abundance, and on most reasonable terms; drug stores, grocery stores, millinery stores, tobacco stores, etc. Among all these it is very seldom that persons cannot get all, or nearly all, that they want. Yet there are people who, whenever they want any of these things which they could readily obtain at home post off to the city for them, without even, in many instances, stopping to glance at the goods so liberally supplied by their friends and neighbors, forgetting the indisputable aphorism that "to encourage home industry" is the true policy and true economy. But say some of these persons: "We can't always find what we want in Middletown." No! You can't find it simply because, in many cases, you don't try, and secondly, because you, and such as you, discourage your home merchants from keeping the very things that you complain about. There are persons who make their boasts that they never buy anything at home if they can avoid it. They prefer to go to the city—it has a grander sound—for everything they want. When they want to make any purchases, and have the money to make them with, they don't go into the stores of their own town, but bolt off at once to Philadelphia, or some other city, to spend their money among strangers. Some do this—not because they can buy *better* goods than they could get at home, or get them *cheaper*—they don't know anything about that, for they have not tried—but just simply to be able to say they "do all their shopping in the city." Such people are of no account in a town. They do nothing whatever to aid in building it up, but rather hang like a heavy incubus upon its industries, and drag it down rather than aid in its progress. They seem wholly devoid of the natural instinct of love of home, and pride in their own local institutions, and act as if they would rather aid anywhere else than the place of their own residence; but let them get into trouble, and they turn to their neighbors for assistance and sympathy and never think of going to the "city" for *them*. These people forget that in aiding others they aid themselves. Whatever tends to build up a town or neighborhood, tends to increase the value of the property therein, and nobody is so dumb as not to know that property near a thriving, growing, prosperous town is worth more than the same kind of property near a little one-horse village, or dead and decaying town. The true policy, then, is to give all the aid and encouragement you possibly can to every kind of honest business or calling that is started in your native town, or where you reside. If you can't get suited in one place, try another, and at least exhaust the resources at home first, then if you can't get what you want, nobody will have the right to complain of you for going elsewhere.

Our space being limited this week we cannot pursue this subject any further at present, but will refer to it again on a future occasion.

Gen. Longstreet is an applicant for the position of U. S. Marshal of Georgia.

PLUNDERED SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONFESSION OF EX-TREASURER PARKER—CHAMBERLAIN, PATTERSON AND OTHERS IMPLICATED, ETC.

The New York *World*, of the 10th inst., publishes a confession from Niles G. Parker, an ex-State treasurer of South Carolina, who was recently indicted at Columbia, amongst others, charged with conspiracy in fraudulently funding certain coupons which were not authorized to be funded. Parker now resides in Jersey City, N. J., and is actively engaged in the temperance movement in that State. His confession, which fills over three columns of the *World*, implicates ex-Gov. Chamberlain, U. S. Senator Patterson, and State Financial Agent Kimpton in some of the heaviest grabs on the South Carolina treasury. The following is a condensation of some of the principal points in the confession:

Parker was elected State treasurer in 1866, and went into office in July of that year. Scott was Governor, Chamberlain was attorney general, Cardoza was secretary of State, Frank Moses was adjutant general, and Neagle was comptroller general. The constitution of the Legislature was entirely republican without an exception. Under the provisional government a law had been passed authorizing the funding of all outstanding debt, interest and principal, up to July 1, 1867. The Legislature, in July, 1868, passed a bill to pay all interest due from July 1, 1867, in gold. This bill was engineered by the State financial agent, H. H. Kimpton. He was a friend and classmate of Chamberlain's.

In the course of 1868 and 1869 the Legislature passed acts to provide for the redemption at par of all floating debts outstanding. All these financial measures authorizing the issue of bonds were susceptible of two interpretations. The wording of one act will sufficiently illustrate this point: "The Governor is hereby authorized and directed to borrow $1,000,000 upon bonds of the State of South Carolina, said bonds to be signed by the Governor and treasurer, and sealed by the secretary of State, to be payable in South Carolina and at the New York financial agency." The debatable point is whether bonds representing $1,000,000 were to be put on the market, or whether $1,000,000 was to be obtained by the sale of the bonds at any price. Under this act, however, which was prepared by Chamberlain and Kimpton, $2,000,000 of bonds were issued. $1,200,000 of which were issued in accordance with the provisions of the act, but the others were put upon the market in an arbitrary manner. At another time a large lot of State bonds were put upon the market, most of which were sold at twenty cents on the dollar.

Parker says when the act for the sale of these bonds passed the Legislature it was generally understood by all members of the Legislature except those let into the secret that $2,300,000 in bonds at par was the total sum authorized by the acts. When the acts were passed, however, Chamberlain and Kimpton pointed out what was the literal interpretation of the acts. They contended that bonds could be sold at any sacrifice to obtain the sum in cash of $3,200,000. Relying on Chamberlain as the legal adviser of the board, Scott and Parker consented to the issue of the amount of bonds necessary to raise the authorized sum. Parker says during the four years, himself, Scott, Chamberlain and Kimpton were in office the bonded debt of the State was increased about $10,000.000. There was a terrible increase of expenditures at each succession of the Legislature, and Parker is informed that Speaker Moses has acknowledged to having signed $500,000 away dishonestly, though he is sure it was a much larger sum. He says there were a number of $5,000 claims presented which were outrageous—certificates issued by those who purchased Senators and Representatives—but they were properly authorized, and he paid them.

In regard to the Blue Ridge railroad swindle Parker says when Harrison was president of the road $4,000,000 was voted by the Legislature, in State scrip, to defray the expenses of its construction. Harrison applied to Scott, who was then Governor, for money, and Scott requested Kimpton to furnish $200,000 to Harrison for the road in return for $600,000 of the bonded stock of the road owned by the State. Kimpton still has that $600,000 of Stock. Cameron succeeded Harrison as president of the road, and Senator Patterson succeeded Cameron. So Patterson came to have control of the $4,000,000 of stock, less the $600,000 which Kimpton had gobbled. It is this $3,000,000 that he has got now to account for. As to the letter of Patterson to Parker, published a few days ago, authorizing him to deliver to H. H. Kimpton revenue land scrip amounting to $114,250, Parker says: "I am ready to admit that it is genuine. If you ask me whether I paid this order I answer that I paid every order for this scrip made upon the treasury by Senator Patterson, as president of the road. I did not see that I had any authority to withhold the scrip so long as it was drawn in accordance with legal provisions. If the scrip was afterwards misapplied I had nothing to do with this subsequent handling of it.

"As financial agent of the State Kimpton had in his possession all bonds of the State that were ever issued for raising money. When his financial settlement was made in accordance with a special act he received from the financial board a due bill of about $150,000, and settled with the board upon what is stated to be a fraudulent set of books. Chamberlain was a member of the board, and took an active part in all that pertains to the issue, management and settlement of its finances."

In regard to Chamberlain's part in the corruption, Parker says:

"During these six years the corruption and peculation increased yearly, and it is idle to attempt to palliate or deny it. If the present investigation in South Carolina is pushed the extent of the corruption will be laid bare, and all who were parties to it will be brought to judgment. All that I ask for is that the part which each one of the ring took in the transactions of these six years shall be exactly determined, and condemnation meted out in proportion to the extent of the offending. For Chamberlain and Kimpton to deny that they were privy to what was going on is simply absurd. Some things, undoubtedly, Chamberlain had no hand in directly, though they were done under his nose, and he must have known about them. In other transactions his name did not appear, but there can be no question that he was concerned in them in some way. In other cases still he reaped a direct benefit from his co-operation.

"Take the case of the Marine and River Phosphate Mining Company. The stock of the company was owned largely by members of the ring, and Chamberlain held one-fifteenth of it. It was $500,000, I believe, in all, so that Chamberlain's share of the stock was $32,200. Tim Hurley, Chamberlain's right-hand man, and the treasurer of Charleston county, lobbied the bills for its benefit through the Legislature. Then there was the Greenville and Columbia railroad. The bills passed in connection with this road were notoriously disreputable. Its capital stock was held in twelve shares, I think, of $25,000 each. Scott, Neagle, Patterson, Chamberlain, Cardoza, Kimpton, Hurley, Crews and myself were stockholders. I know also that Chamberlain received $5,000 direct for his connection with a transaction which I do not care yet to make public."

ONE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

COTOPAXI'S LATEST ERUPTION—DARKNESS AND DISMAY—THE INCA RUINS DESTROYED.

The eruption took place on the 26th of June, with every circumstance that could increase its horror—utter darkness in the day, thunder and lightning, fearful explosions that made the earth tremble, subterranean noises and wild gusts of wind, accompanied by a rain of ashes. An eye-witness says that the volcano poured out a cataract ten times the bulk of Niagara, which carried all before it in its headlong course, and submerged the whole surrounding country. The torrent divided itself in two opposite directions, as if to give greater scope to its devastation and to make the confusion still more dire. One branch took a southerly course toward the city of Latacunga, situated twelve miles from Cotopaxi.

On its way the torrent converted the plain of Callao into an immense lake. There is but faint hope that the ruins of the palace of the Incas, described by Humbold and all other travellers through the central valley of the equatorial Andes, have escaped the ravages of the flood. Near Latacunga the furious current tore up from its very foundations the cotton factory of Don Jose Villagomez, whose value was estimated at $300,000; crops, cattle, buildings were swept away; the massive bridges of Cutuche and Pansalvo were destroyed as well as a part of the fine carriage road (scarce equalled even in Europe) which connects Quito with the towns in the south of the republic.

The branch that headed toward the south of Cotopaxi devastated the prosperous and enchanting valley of Chillo, and in particular the estate of the Senores Aguirre, noted for having been the residence of Humboldt. There, too, as in Latacunga, arose the buildings of a thriving factory, which only the year before, had been destroyed by fire, and had just been repaired at great expense. The torrent rooted it from the ground and bore it away in a thousand fragments. It is asserted that a mill of Don Manuel Palacios floated on the water like a ship at sea until shattered by the current. The loss in the valley of Chillo alone is estimated at over two millions of dollars; and the loss in other sections is equally great. It is likewise calculated that the number of the dead exceeds one thousand.

A third cataract took an easterly direction, destroying the bridge of Patae and doing grievous injury to the estate in that neighborhood, of which the most important is celebrated for its fine wine well known as "Vino de Patate."

Although the surroundings of Quito have been laid waste, the city itself suffered from only a rain of ashes and a complete darkness which began on the 26th of June, at three in the afternoon. At Machache and other places the night lasted for thirty consecutive hours. In the midst of this opaque gloom one could hear the bellowing of the cattle and the cries of other animals, who deprived of their usual food by the shower of ashes, sought in a species of frenzy for the means of satisfying their hunger. Other beasts, frantic with terror careered hither and thither as if in despair, and the piteous howling of the dogs pierced the air with its ominous sounds. In Quito the darkness was not as that of night; it was like that described by the younger Pliny in a letter to Tacitus, of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii.

"It was," he says, "as if the lights in a room had been extinguished." At Quito the shower at first was of coarse, heavy sand, which subsequently turned into ashes so fine and inpalpable that they penetrated not only into apartments, but into the most carefully closed receptacles. In the depth of the darkness, men and women, braving the rain of ashes, sallied forth into the streets, screening themselves with umbrellas and lighting their way with lanterns, and all the while these strange apparitions rent the air with their cries and prayers for mercy. The umbrellas as well as the green eyeglasses used here on journeys, were no superfluous precaution, although they afforded but scant protection against the subtle powder, which it was remembered had in many cases produced blindness during the eruption of 1843, and the rain of ashes of thirty hours that attended it.

Twenty-five able bodied workingmen, with their families, in all about one hundred and fifty persons, are about to emigrate from Baltimore to Kansas. They will form an agricultural community. The reason assigned is want of employment. As Marylanders we dislike to part with so many worthy citizens. However, they have chosen the wiser part. It is better for them, and for us, that they should emigrate than to strike, burn other people's property or be cajoled into the support of the communistic resolutions rashly, and it is to be hoped, thoughtlessly adopted at some of the workingmen's meetings in Baltimore. The class of men who will go to Kansas is very respectable and will be missed. We wish them success and that their community will reflect honor upon our State.—*Exchange.*

The increase of the yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., has caused the physicians to advise the citizens to leave the place. Much excitement prevails.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12th, 1877.

The *Evening Star* of this city republishes the well-known letter of Jefferson, declining to make a tour through the country while he was President. He does not base his refusal on the ground that such a tour would be justly criticised as an attempt to catch votes, for no election seems at that time to have been pending, but on the higher ground that it would seem to be a seeking after personal popularity. The letter and the surrounding circumstances leaves the impression on one's mind that if Virginia, for instance, had been about to vote on the policy of Jefferson's administration, that Statesman would have considered any suggestion to travel through the State, if any one had been bold enough to propose it, an insult.

The confession of State Treasurer Parker of South Carolina, may have been necessary to the conviction by the courts of the late Republican officials of South Carolina, and it adds something to the facts before known, but public sentiment had long ago decided the whole lot to be unfit for any trust. No such astounding developments have been known in America or other history.

From the highest to the lowest in authority there seems to have been only here and there one man who would not steal. It is wonderful, in view of all this, that the people of Louisiana, who have probably suffered to the like extent, do not proceed to the punishment of the rascals who have plundered them. Is it possible that the connection of that State with the ultimate decision of the Presidential question has induced conservative men there, under pressure from Washington, to prevent investigation?

Up to two or three weeks ago the election in Maine, held yesterday, was looked forward to with much interest by Democrats outside of the State. It is only telling the truth, however, to say that of late no hope of defeating the Republican party, or of reducing its majority, has been felt here. It is for the party in the State to find out the causes of the division and apathy which caused their defeat, and to apply the remedy. Advice from outside is not usually well received by parties to a local quarrel, but this, if it goes so far as to deprive the Democrats of a U. S. Senator after March 3d, 1879, is something more than a State quarrel—it is a national calamity.

The course of ex-Minister Washburn, after his return from France, will be watched with some interest. He was at one time ready to break with General Grant, expressing his views very freely to Americans whom he met in France. I have not heard of any expression of opinion as to the present administration. Very ambitious, with an excellent record abroad, a reputation for honesty at home, and great ability as a politician, his support will be valuable to the administration, or his opposition damaging.

Besides the numerous other devices of Secretary Sherman for keeping money in the Treasury, and showing a "reduction" of the debt, may be mentioned one which works a hardship to the New York merchants and which will therefore soon be exposed to the metropolitan press. Most of his schemes affect individuals throughout the country who are not so favorably situated for combination or for making the injustice known. The law provides that if any importer believes too large a duty is assessed by the Custom House authorities, on his imports, he shall enter suits in the U. S. Courts against the Collector, and if judgment shall be refunded by the United States. Ever since the law has been in force these judgments have been paid whenever presented here Secretary Sherman without asking the opinion of the law officers of the Government, refers the merchant to Congress for relief. The fund heretofore used for the payments is "covered into the Treasury," and the unreported debt of the Government is increased from day to day by the judgments. It will be in order to ask, when Congress meets, for what purpose Secretary Sherman puts his name, from month to month, to debt statements which he knows to be false. Solon.

A PRETTY BLONDE MISSING.

A BLUE-EYED GREENPOINT MAIDEN FOR WHOM THERE IS SEARCH IN THREE CITIES.

Bedora Waugh, a pretty blue-eyed, flaxen-haired blonde, fifteen years old, but who looks as though she were twenty, disappeared from her friends in Greenpoint, and has not since been heard from by them. She is the daughter of Capt. Lewis Waugh. For ten months she had kept company with T. B. Rogers, Jr., of 82 Hope street, Williamsburg. He called on Sunday and Wednesday nights. On Wednesday night of last week they sat up late together, and Bedora's mother called out to her that it was time for her to retire. Next morning she told her daughter that she was going to forbid Rogers visiting the house. "No mother," answered the daughter, "I will see him tonight, and I will tell him myself." That afternoon she went to the house of her aunt, who was sick.

At 7½ o'clock in the evening she told a lady who lived in the same house that she was "going to meet her company," but requested her to say nothing to her aunt about it. Her uncle returned home at eight. She told him she was going to her dressmaker. She then went out. She was seen by some little girls turning a corner on the main street to Williamsburg about 8 o'clock. This is the last trace. She did not go to the dressmaker's. The night, all next day, and part of Saturday her parents supposed that Rogers was in some way connected with her disappearance. On Saturday evening Rogers visited the house and told Mrs. Waugh that he came to tell Bedora that he could not call, as usual, on Sunday evening, because his mother was dangerously sick. Mrs. Waugh then said, "We haven't seen Bedora since she went to meet you." Rogers answered that he had no appointment to meet her, and had not met her. He was unable to give any suggestion as to her whereabouts.

Capt. Waugh went home with him. His mother had died in his absence. He had set up with her two nights from early in the evening until morning. He has called on the Waugh family every evening, and has expressed great concern. He and Capt. Waugh each have spent much time in searching. Capt. Waugh went to Newark, where some of his wife's relatives live, to whom he thought she might have gone. They also searched in New York.

On Sunday night Mrs. Waugh had a dream. She thought she saw the front of a house somewhere in Brooklyn. The number was 96. She saw the number very plainly, and its appearance remains indelibly fixed in her memory; but she has no notion of the street or neighborhood. In the front yard was a newly dug trench. It was deep. In one of the front windows stood her missing daughter. There was a kind of iron grating before her which reached half way up the window. Her hair was streaming down her back just as she used to fix it at home. She looked at her mother intently for a time, but when her mother beckoned with her hand, she turned her head slowly and went from the window. Just then one of Mrs. W's other children woke her up.

Exchange Extraordinary.—An old gentleman from the country, who was looking at the sights on Baltimore street, recently, had his new hat stolen from his head and a shocking bad one substituted in its stead by a shrewd thief. While looking in the shop windows some one came up behind him and gave his hat a tilt, as he thought, and he paid no further attention to the rudeness. He strolled down to the postoffice, where he discovered to his surprise that his own hat was gone and that he had on his head a dilapidated tile. The police could not find the fellow who made the forcible exchange. —*Baltimore Sun.*

Trouble from tramps is reported at Columbia, Lancaster, Duncannon and other points along the Pennsylvania Railroad. A vigilance committee is being organized at Columbia to meet the evil. At Graysville, near Lancaster, a gang of nearly one hundred tramps raided on a farmer's premises. Policemen and citizens went to his aid, when the tramps opened fire with pistols, but they were driven off, and five of them wounded. A farmer, named Powers, was fatally wounded. Milton Gramm, a prominent citizen of Duncannon, was recently robbed and murdered by two tramps, as he left a train at Marysville. A freight train was recently wrecked between Malvern and Frazier's by tramps, who attempted to plunder the cars. In a fight between them and the train hands one of the latter, named Converse, was killed.

DIED.

BLACK.—At New Castle, Del., September 13th, 1877, Groome Black, son of Dr. John J. and Jeanie Groome Black, aged 3 years, 3 months and 5 days.

Funeral on Monday, September 17th inst., at half-past four o'clock p. m. Friends of the family are invited without further notice.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES, JR.

Wheat,	1 35@ $1 40
Corn, yellow	56 cts
Corn, white	54 cts
Oats	25 cts
Timothy Seed	3 25
Clover "	00@16½ c ₱ lb

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS.

Eggs	18 cts. ₱ doz
Butter	00@25cts. ₱ lb
Lard	10@11 " "
Spring Chickens	12½@14 " "

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Prime red wheat	$1 45@1 50 ₱ bus
Corn,	60@61 ₱ bus
Oats (Delaware)	34@35 cts
Clover seed	9@9½ ₱ lb
Timothy	1 30@1 50

BALTIMORE MARKETS

Wheat, good to amber	1 47@$1 55
Corn, white,	00@69
Corn, yellow,	63@64
Oats, Southern, new,	00@35
Rye	65@68

New Advertisements.

FOR SALE!

ALL THAT VALUABLE TRACT OF Land or Farm of the late John Townsend, deceased, and whereon he resided, will be offered at Public Sale, at the Hotel of William B. Hollis, in the village of Townsend, Appoquinimink Hundred, New Castle County, State of Delaware, on

TUESDAY, 2d day of OCTOBER, 1877, at Two O'Clock, P. M.

Said Farm is situate on the road leading from Townsend to Warwick, and distant about one-third of a mile from said village of Townsend, and containing about

170 Acres,

more or less, and adjoins the lands of Samuel Townsend, James T. Taylor and Wm. E. Riley. The buildings and fences are good. the soil first quality.

The conditions are, ten per cent. cash down on day of sale, and the remainder to be paid as soon as a deed is made. Title indisputable.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, Trustee.
Townsend, Del., Sept. 15, 1877. ts

For Rent!

One of the best business stands in the town of Odessa, opposite the Hotel, on Main Street.

For the Mercantile business, this is the best stand in the town.

Possession given on the first of October, or any time thereafter.

For further particulars inquire of the present occupant. A. H. HOBBS,
Sept 15-1mpd Odessa, Del.

J. W. HAYES,
Carter and Drayman,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he is prepared with excellent Horses, Wagons and Carts to do all kinds of Hauling at the lowest rates that can be obtained.

Coal always on hand, and 2240 lbs. to the ton, guaranteed; carefully kept from the weather, and free from dirt and slate.

Special attention given to the hauling of Lumber, and Building Sand always on hand.

All orders for Baggage, or other parcels, left with Foard & Comegys, L. G. Vandegrift, next door to the Post Office, or with L. B. Lee, will receive prompt attention. Baggage delivered day or night. The public will do well to give me a call. J. W. HAYES.
Sept. 15-6m Middletown, Del.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
New Castle County, Sept. 12th, 1877.

Upon the application of Sylvester W. Clement, Executor of Joseph H. Reynolds, late of Red Lion Hundred in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid, give noice of granting of Letters of Testamentary upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places of the county of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the Estate, to present the same or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. And also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle county, aforesaid, the day and year above written.

{L.S.}

S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased, must present the same duly attested to the Executor on or before the 12th day of September, 1878, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. SYLVESTER W. CLEMENT,
Address—Summit Bridge, Del. Ex'r.

New Advertisements.

S. M. REYNOLDS

BEGS TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE BUYING PUBLIC TO ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever displayed on this Peninsula, comprising

Ladies', Misses' AND Child'n's.	FRENCH KID BUTTON AND LACE.
	FRENCH CALF KID BUTTON AND LACE.
	FINE CURACOA BUTTON AND LACE.
	TAMPICO PEBBLE BUTTON AND LACE.
	ALL LASTING BUTTON AND LACE.
	LASTING FRENCH KID FOXED BUTTON & LACE.
	LASTING CURACOA KID FOXED BUTTON & LACE.

ALSO,

FRENCH KID NEWPORT TIES,

THREE BUTTON CROQUET & PARIS OXFORD TIES.

INFANT'S BUTTON AND LACE SHOES, ALL COLORS AND SIZES.

Gent's, Boys' AND Youth's.	FINE FRENCH CALF BOOTS.
	FINE FRENCH CALF CONGRESS GAITERS.
	FINE FRENCH CALF WALKING SHOES,
	FINE FRENCH CALF BALS.
	FINE FRENCH CALF BUTTON GAITERS.

The above are all made by the most reliable manufacturers of Philadelphia. Every pair guaranteed, and we confidently offer them to the public as positively the cheapest goods in this, or any other market. Measures taken and Boots and Shoes made to order at short notice. In addition to the above we have an immense stock of Eastern-made goods in

Men's, Youth's. AND Boys'	LASTING CONGRESS GAITERS,
	CALF WALKING SHOES AND ALEXIS TIES,
	CALF CONGRESS GAITERS,
	CALF BOOTS, SEWED AND PEGGED,
	FRENCH KIP BOOTS,
	CHICAGO KIP BOOTS,
	HEAVY BOOTS,

Women's, Misses' AND Children's.	ALL LASTING BUTTON AND LACE.
	LASTING KID FOXED BUTTON AND LACE.
	MOROCCO BUTTON AND LACE.
	PEBBLE GOAT BUTTON AND LACE.
	OIL GRAIN BUTTON AND LACE.
	CALF BUTTON AND LACE.

Also, Newport Ties and Three-Button Slippers in great variety. All purchased by the case from the best factories in the East, and are selling at the lowest possible prices. Always on hand an assortment of Burial Slippers.

August 4th, 1877. S. M. REYNOLDS.

100 SEWING MACHINES

To be sold at a further reduction of ten per cent. in the next Thirty Days.

ALL FIRST-CLASS.

$18.00 and Upwards. Warranted One Year. Parties wanting a Good Sewing Machine will consult their interests by purchasing at once, as Machines will surely advance in price at no distant day.

The LARGEST STOCK of Needles, Attachments, Cotton, Silk, Oil, &c., &c.. kept in this City, wholesale and retail.

A. T. STOOPS,
23 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Card to the Public.

C. N. DODD,
Carpenter & Builder,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Buildings erected by contract, or work done by the job or day.

Charges as low as the lowest, and good, honest work guaranteed.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Refers by permission to Col. Joshua Clayton, Hon. B. T. Biggs, Messrs. A. G. Cox, and Edward Reynolds. aug11-1y

$85. THE DELAWARE $85.

(HAMILTON)

Phosphate Drill!

The undersigned will sell the above drill for EIGHTY-FIVE (85) DOLLARS. The Phosphate attachment is acknowledged by all to be far superior to any in the market.

The grain seeder, when properly regulated, is equal to and will do as good work as any drill made. W. H. BARR & CO.
july 21-3m Agents.

Poultry, Calves & Game.

Highest cash price paid for Poultry, Calves and Game, of all kinds, on Mondays, Wednesday and Thursday, until 3 o'clock, P. M. Highest cash price paid for Eggs. Office opposite Depot, Middletown, Del.
ap7-tf DuBOIS & GRISCOM.

J. MEIER & BRO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

S. E. Cor. Second and Arch Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA,

Have in Stock a full line of

Fine Overcoatings, Suitings, Cassimeres, and Vestings

Of the newest designs for SPRING and SUMMER wear, which will be made to order in the latest styles and best manner. Special attention given to Dress Suits.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.
oct 10-tf

FOR RENT.

MRS. C. J. SMITH, wishing to retire from business, offers her old and well-established MILLINERY AND FANCY STORE, on Main Street, Middletown, for rent.

MRS. C. J. SMITH,
Sept. 1-tf Middletown, Del.

PEACH BASKETS—All Makes.

For sale by ISAAC JONES, Jr.,
Middletown, Del.

AT THE MIDDLETOWN HARNESS SHOP

We keep constantly on hand, and make to order, in the BEST manner, and of the BEST material, all kinds of

HARNESS

in any style of mounting the purchaser may desire

Also, a good assortment of

SADDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, BOOTS, BRUSHES, CURRY-COMBS, HARNESS SOAP, OIL, &c.

Just received an excellent assortment of LEATHER, FLY-NETS, SHEETS, DUSTERS and all other reasonable goods, all of which will be sold at moderate prices.

Orders solicited and promptly attended to. Repairing of all kinds done without delay.

A. H. RUSSELL,
jn9-tf Middletown, Del

Delaware College.

The Next Term will Commence September 5th, 1877.

There are three courses of study:
The Classical;
The Scientific and Agricultural;
And the Literary.

In addition to these a SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture has been instituted, the session for which will open Nov. 1, 1877, and close March 1, 1877.

For a catalogue apply to

Pres't. Wm. H. PURNELL,
aug 18—1m Newark, Delaware.

TOWNSEND HOUSE,

Opposite Rail Road Depot,
TOWNSEND, DELAWARE.

I am prepared to accommodate permanent and transient guests at reasonable rates.

The Bar is at all times stocked with the choicest Wines, Liquors, Tobaccos and Segars.

A fine Livery is also attached to the Hotel, where teams are to be had at reasonable rates.

Come and See Me.

WM. B. HOLLIS,
April 8- Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

Cheaper than Coal.

WOOD delivered, sawed and split, lengths 1 foot and 18 inches, at $5.00 per CORD, or $2.50 per LOAD. Also 1 YOKE well broken YOUNG OXEN and 1 SOUND CHEAP MARE. Cows taken to pasture.

WILLIAM GREEN,
june 16-tf Middletown Del.

The Middletown Transcript

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1877.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land;
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen far stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's hand;
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out;
The birds sing sweet songs, the lambs frisk about;
The brook bubbles softly in the glen
While he works so bravely for the good of men;
For he sows,
And he mows,
And he hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash and the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, the flies buzz about—
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take
All for the sake of home.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Makes her burden up that's never done;
There be no rest, there is no play,
For the good of the house she must work away;
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When Autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last;
His barns are full, his fields are bare;
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care,
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;
For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

Agricultural.

FENCING.—According to United States statistics, worm or Virginia fence costs ninety-five cents, post and rail one dollar and thirty-five cents, board fence one dollar and twenty-six cents, and stone wall one dollar and thirty-four cents per rod in this State. The estimate is based upon boards at sixteen dollars per thousand and rails at fifty-six dollars. From the same source it would seem that of our fences sixty-seven per cent. are of the kind known as worm or snake fence, seventeen per cent. of post and rail, twelve per cent. of board, and only four per cent. of permanent stone wall. The returns embrace 156,377,821 rods of fence, enclosing 16,374,641 acres, at a cost of $179,834,494, or at the rate of nine hundred and fifty-five rods to each one hundred acres. The annual expense of repairs, and interest upon the investment is $198,806,182. The interest bearing national debt, the cost of our fences, and the value of the live stock of the nation, all figure up to about the same amount. Each dollar's worth of live stock requires one dollar's worth of fence to keep it in order. That twenty-five per cent. of this fencing is needless and may be dispensed with, is undoubted. How much of the remainder would be rendered needless by a properly connected system of pasturage and soiling, it is hard to say.

TIGHT BARNS FOR HAY.—The general opinion among farmers probably is that barns with air spaces between the boarding are better adapted to cure and preserve hay than barns with very tight boarding and a tight bottom. But this opinion is founded upon the supposed fact that free access of air will assist in carrying off surplus moisture, and prevent heating and fermentation, which supposed fact is not a fact at all, when applied to a body of uncured hay. When this uncured grass is spread in thin layers on the field and exposed to the air, the moisture is carried off so rapidly as not to permit any heating or fermentation, but when placed in a thick body in a mow, the heat, with access of air causes rapid fermentation. The oxygen of the air feeds the fermentation, and thus becomes the active cause of its destruction. This principle is familiar to the good housewife who preserves her fruit in an air-tight jar. We tried an experiment some years ago, which applied this principle to keeping green clover. We took a large linseed oil cask, unheaded one end, filled it with green clover just in blossom, containing all its sap, rammed in solid, replaced the head, drove the hoops, and then stopped all air-places with white lead, and paint. On opening ten months after, the clover blossoms were found almost as bright as when put in.

POTATOES.—The agricultural editor of the *Record* (Chester county) states that "some distinguished German chemists have recently been making investigations in regard to the chemistry of the potato, and its value for human food, stock-feeding and the starch manufacturer. They inform us that the value of the potato, as an article of food, depends not only upon the amount of starch, but on the potash salts it contains, and it is important that these salts should not be lost in cooking. In the course of their experiments they cooked potatoes both by steaming and boiling, the potatoes being at one time peeled, and at another time in their skins, and they have ascertained the respective loss of potash and phosphoric acid by these processes of cooking, viz.: In steaming potatoes the loss is about one-fourth less than by boiling; and in boiling potatoes with the skins peeled off the loss is about fifteen times greater than when the skin is kept on. When potatoes are baked no loss of potash salts can occur. These salts are the anti-scorbutic ingredients of the potato, and it is especially important that they be retained when a diet of that specific character is required."

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1877.—Evidences continue to come in of the unusual yield of wheat and oats all over the country. Thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre are said to be no uncommon yield, and we occasionally hear of larger yields, where the statements appear to be well authenticated. A Mr. Davidson whose farm is near Swede's Point, in Story county, Iowa, threshed the crop grown on a field of twenty-two acres, from which he got an average of forty-four bushels. This is twice an average good yield, and three times what the average of seasons produce.

During the past two seasons the crop has been so exceedingly light that our farms may be said to have had nearly a complete rest for two years. So the wheat producing elements in the soil may be said not to have drawn upon for the period named; at least not to the extent of their full capacity, and to this reserve of power we are undoubtedly largely indebted for the present enormous crop. If this be so, then it affords a lesson favorable to rotation, and while this will not regularly, nor even generally, insure a good crop of this very uncertain cereal, it may be said to be valuable evidence in favor of rotation, and should be acted upon.

In the matter of seed, farmers have been sorely put to it for two years past to secure seed of fair quality for sowing. For 1878 there will be an abundance, and this of the best quality, and it may be wise to save for two years sowing. Those farmers who are able to hold for their own family use, will certainly be wise enough to bridge over through 1879 with the crop of 1877. This will be nothing more than ordinary prudence, and the reminders we have constantly had in the shape of bad flour should be a sufficient monitor.—*Western Farm Journal.*

SIGNS OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER. When you see his barn larger than his house, it shows that he will have large profits and small afflictions.

When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be a more than ninety days' wonder in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic.

When he has a house separate from the main building, purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling to be a funeral pile for his family, and perhaps himself.

When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of early life and the winter of an old age.

When his cattle are properly shielded and fed in winter, it evidences that he is acting according to the Scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Fun on the Farm.

We often hear the remark: "What a dull life farming must be!" or "Who would live in the country, where there are no opportunities for fun?" Well, then—if you want to know what genuine fun is, just pitch in and help break a pair of three-year-old steers. First you catch a steer and tie him up by the head to a post in the barn yard. Then you catch the other one and put a rope round his horns. Then your dad gets the yoke, and between you two and the hired man you get it fastened on their necks. Then the old man tells you to untie the rope gently, while he and the hired man hold the critters. Just as you slip the knot, away go the steers with a bawl and bellow—or, rather, a pair of bellows—and there arises before your vision a confused mixture of horns, heels, tails, ropes, dad, hired man and curses on your stupidity that reminds you of the picture of a volcanic eruption in the old geographies. And that's only the beginning of the fun. By and by dad gets hold of one rope and the hired man gets hold of the other, and run races down the lane—the steers neck-and-neck, and the old man performing the curse on the serpent. Then there is the time in haying, when dad undertakes to show you how to mow over a bumblebee's nest. He ain't afraid of those bees, nor you needn't be—just go right along—they never sting unless you fight 'em;' and then whish! get out of the way! and then dad's swath comes to a sudden stop and he departs for the house and hartshorn on a dead run, at the business end of a dozen yellow-legged bumblebees. Oh, no! there isn's no fun on a farm."

You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more clear and plentiful it will be.

They have swimming matches in San Francisco.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A nobleman, who had died a few years since, had a chest all locked up, but marked: "To be removed first in case of fire." When he died, his friends opened that chest, supposing, of course, that some valuable documents or deed of property, rich jewelry, or costly plate would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him.—Richer to him were they than all the world's wealth, richer than his coronet, brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on its crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world; but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.

TWO SIDES.—Remember that all questions have two sides; one is the right side, the other side the wrong side; one is the side of justice, the other injustice. If you take the right side, the just side, ultimately men, however much they may oppose you and revile you will come to your support. Earth, with all its powers will work with you and for you, and heaven be pledged to conduct you to complete such success. If you take the other side there is no power on earth or heaven that can lead you through successfully, because it is appointed in the counsels of heaven that justice and truth alone can prevail.

A minister was once riding through a section of the State of South Carolina where custom forbade inn-keepers to take pay from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate his breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman!" "That may be," responded Boniface; "but you came like a sinner, smoked like a sinner, slept like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—In marrying, make your own match; do no marry a man to get clear of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. A man who would go to destruction without you, will quite as likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living. Do not let aunts, fathers and mothers sell you for money or position in bondage, tears and life-long misery, which you must endure. Place not yourself habitually in the hands of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage. Human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late.

HARD WORK.—It is the honest plodding workman who rises to an elevated position in the world. Work is, as a rule, at the foundation of all true success. Brilliant parts, fine education, powerful friends are not to be despised, but they cannot supply the place of personal toil and patient, painstaking industry. President Lincoln literally worked his way up from a common laborer to the highest position in the gift of the Republic. Henry Wilson, at twenty-one, carried his wardrobe and library on his back whither he went in pursuit of work. Commodore Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his vast fortune in the savings and habits of industry acquired in his young days in rowing a ferryboat. Chas. Dickens owed his success not more to his genius than to hard, systematic labor.

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.—Dreadful limits are set in nature to the power of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, his eye is muddy, and sometimes as squint. I have heard an experienced counsellor say that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all, there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

"Madame," he remarked (he always calls his wife "Madame" when he desires to be impressive) "when thousands are starving, how thankful you should be, even in muslins and calicoes. Every dime should be looked after now-a-days. "Just then a boy rapped at the door with a $14 box of cigars, which the speaker had ordered sent up on his way home.

A leading Russian newspaper concludes that if the war lasts until next autumn it will cost not less than 850,000,000 rubles ($637,500,000). Already, it is stated, $91,500,000 has been expended in the prosecution of the war.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—James B. Naudain.
TOWN COMMISSIONERS.—R. H. Foster, President; S. S. Holten, Secretary; J. R. Hall, Joseph Geary, 1 vacancy.
ASSESSOR.—C. E. Anderson.
TREASURER.—W. R. Rothwell.
LAMPLIGHTER.—F. Schreitz.
CHIEF OF POLICE.—W. R. Rothwell.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

John A. Reynolds.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

E. W. Lockwood, President; Wm. Green, Clesk; A. G. Cox, Treasurer; Henry Davis, Nathaniel Williams, Capt. Samuel Penington, D. L. Dunning, John W. Jolls, Geo. W. Wilson.
PRINCIPAL OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A. S. Wright, A. M.
ASSISTANT TEACHERS.—Mrs. A. S. Wright, Miss R. Annie Maxwell and Miss Annie M. Roberts.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.

DIRECTORS.—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, James Culbertson, E. C. Fenimore, M. E. Walker, J. B. Cazier, Joseph Biggs.
PRESIDENT.—Henry Clayton,
CASHIER.—J. R. Hall.
TELLER.—John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.

J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Jas Culbertson, Jas. H. Scowdrick, Wm. H. Barr.

CHURCHES.

FOREST PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. John Patton, D. D., Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.15 a. m. Lecture Wednesdays at 7.00 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 2.00 p. m.
ST. ANNE'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. ——, Rector. On Sundays—Morning Prayer, 10.30 a. m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 9 a. m. Evening Prayer on Fridays at 5 o'clock.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. T. E. Martindale, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7.30 p. m.
COLORED METHODIST.—Rev. F. J. Lee, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10.30 p. m.; 3 and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 p. m.

MASONIC.

ADONIRAM CHAPTER No. 5. R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
UNION LODGE No. 5, A. F. A. M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

DAMON LODGE, No. 12. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

I. O. O. F.

GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, No 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clk. Lodge Room in Cochran Hall, No. 2, Cochran Square.

BUILDING AND LOAN.

MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—Jas. H. Scowdrick, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PENINS. AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Wm. R. Cochran, President and Chairman of Board of Managers; J. B. Naudain, Secretary. Annual Meeting fourth Saturday in January. Next annual fair will be held on October 3d, 4th and 5th, 1877.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.

Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

DELAWARE RAILROAD.

Passenger trains going North leave at 7.54 a m and 3.16 p m; going South at 10.42 am, and 7.38 p m. Freight trains with passenger car attached, going North, leave at 9.05 p m; going South, at 6.25 a m.

POST OFFICE.

OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6.30 a m and closes at 9 p m every day except Sunday
Mails for the North close at 7.15 a m, and 3.00 p m.
Mail for the South closes at 10 15 a m.
Mails for Odessa close at 10.23 a m and 7.30 p m.
Mails for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton close at 10.23 a m.
D. L. DUNNING, P. M.

STAGE LINES.

Stage for Odessa, with U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10.42 am and 7.38 p m mail trains.
Stages for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton leave shortly after arrival of the 10.42 a m train.

Lumber AND Hardware.

G. E. HUKILL

Successor to

J. B. FENIMORE & CO.,

Opposite the R. R. Depot,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Lumber, Hardware, and General Building Material, Sash, Doors, Shutters, Blinds, and Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Putty, Bricks, Building Lime, Hair, Etc.

Constantly on hand.

—ALSO—

AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT, AND

The Globe Mixed Paint.

(Ready-Mixed.)

"Blatchley's" Celebrated Cucumber Wood Pumps, and "Grafton" Cucumber Wood Pumps. These are the two best Cucumber Wood Pumps in the market.

I desire particularly to call special attention to the "Globe Mixed Paint." Nothing "on the globe," or, "under the sun," can excel it for beauty of finish, durability and cheapness. I guarantee it equal to any paint that is made, and cheaper. Send for color-card and prices, before buying elsewhere.

Feb 5-1y.

Independent in everything! Neutral in Nothing!

OPPOSED TO ALL CORRUPT RINGS IN MUNICIPAL, STATE AND NATIONAL AFFAIRS!

The Times.

A FIRST-CLASS MORNING NEWSPAPER.

Is published every morning, Sundays excepted, and delivered in the City of Philadelphia and surrounding Cities, Villages and Towns, for TWELVE CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the carriers. It contains all the News of the Day, including the

Associated Press Telegrams,
Special Telegrams
And Correspondence

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Physician's Prescriptions are made a Specialty,

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Pure Wines and Liquors are kept for medicinal uses only, and everything usually kept by all first-class druggists, and many things that cannot be had at any other place can be had here.

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Being a graduate of Electropathy I still continue its practice, and during the eleven years which I have been using it have had wonderful success, as hundreds of persons treated by me will bear testimony.

I am also agent for Dr. Kidder's Galvanic Battery, and can furnish them at his retail prices in New York. Old Galvanic machines repaired and made as good as new, provided the coil is uninjured.

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July 14, 1877.—1y

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Steinway do.
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Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

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☞ Send for Price Lists and Catalogue.

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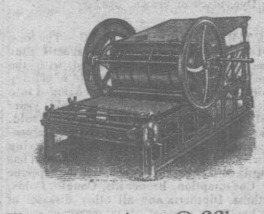

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And cordially invite all persons who may have need of any of these things, or any style or kind of printing, to favor us with a call and learn our prices. We give especial attention to the printing of

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PRINTING BUSINESS,

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There are three courses of study:
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In addition to these a SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture has been instituted, the session for which will open Nov. 1, 1877, and close March 1, 1877.

For a catalogue apply to
PRES'T. WM. H. PURNELL,
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Register's Orders.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
New Castle County, August 23d, 1877.

Upon the application of Jennie V. Parry, Administratrix of Edward M. Parry, late of St. Georges Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Administratrix aforesaid, give notice of granting Letters of Administration upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places of the county of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. And also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under my hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written. (L.S.)

S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE!

All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased, must present the same duly attested to the Admidistratrix on or before August 23d, 1878, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JENNIE V. PARRY,
Address—Woodstown, N. J. Adm'x.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
New Castle County, August 4th, 1877.

Upon the application of George M. D. Hart, Administrator of David Deputy, late of Appoquinimink Hundred, in said County, dec'd, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Administrator aforesaid, give notice of the granting of Letters of Administration upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted, within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places of the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the Estate to present the same or abide an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written. (L.S.)

S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased must present the same, duly attested, to the Administrator, on or before August 4th, 1878, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

GEORGE M. D. HART, Adm'r.
Address—Townsend, Del.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
New Castle County, August 15th, 1877.

Upon the application of Thomas H. Gould, Administrator of William H. Glasco, late of Red Lion Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Administrator aforesaid, give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places of the county of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the Estate, to present the same or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. And also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written. (L.S.)

S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE!

All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased, must present the same duly attested to the Administrator, on or before the 15th day of August, 1878, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

THOMAS H. GOULD,
Address—Mt. Pleasant, Del. Adm'r.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
New Castle County, August 8th, 1877.

Upon the application of Jacob B. Cazier, Executor of SARAH J. CAZIER, late of Pencader Hundred in said County, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid, give notice of granting of Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places in the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the Estate, to present the same or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle County, aforesaid, the day and year above written. (L.S.)

S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased must present the same duly attested to the Executor on or before August 8th, 1878, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JACOB B. CAZIER, Executor.
Address—Kirkwood, Del.

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OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Inclose stamp, and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

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All OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension. Many now receiving pensions are entitled to an increase. Send stamp and information will be furnished free.

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The last Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office shows 2,807,000 acres of Bounty Land Warrants outstanding. These were issued under act of 1850 to soldiers. We pay cash for them. Send by registered letter. Where assignments are imperfect we give instructions to perfect them.

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Clothing and linen used in the sick room is disinfected, and diseases communicable by contact with the person, prevented by it.

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Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c. and $1.20.

N. B.—Buy the large cakes and thereby economize. Sold by all Druggists.

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$55 a $77 a week to agents. $10 *Outfit Free*. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Time Tables.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

Del. Division.—Time Table.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, MAY 14th, 1877, (Sundays excepted,) Trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD. Passenger. A. M.	Mixed. A. M.		NORTHWARD. Passenger. A. M.	Mixed. P. M.	P. M.
7 00	8 00	Baltimore	11 35	7 50	
8 00	5 15	Philadelphia	10 05	5 40	
9 26	6 30	5 00 Wilmington	8 50	4 20	10 27
9 38		Del. Junction	8 40		
9 49	6 48	5 25 New Castle	8 32	4 01	
9 51	6 50	State Road	8 24	3 52	
9 59	6 59	Bear	8 21	3 49	
10 02	7 02	Rodney	8 13	3 39	
10 10	7 10	5 54 Kirkwood	8 11	3 37	9 35
10 18	7 20	6 47 Mt. Pleasant	8 02	3 26	9 20
10 25	7 28	6 26 Middletown	7 54	3 16	9 05
10 44	7 48	6 38 Townsend	7 37	2 59	5 45
10 49	7 53	6 45 Blackbird	7 31	2 50	8 39
10 56	8 00	6 58 Green Spring	7 24	2 42	8 16
11 03	8 06	7 20 Clayton	7 20	2 37	8 06
11 20	8 26	Smyrna	7 00	2 15	
11 28	8 12	7 28 Frenford	7 13	2 26	7 42
11 14	8 19	7 38 Moorton	7 06	2 19	7 30
11 24	8 21	7 57 Dover	6 55	2 05	7 10
11 21	8 37	8 07 Wyoming	6 48	1 59	8 54
11 20	8 45	Woodside	6 41	1 50	6 39
11 44	8 49	Canterbury	6 37	1 45	6 32
11 49	8 54	8 34 Felton	6 33	1 40	6 25
12 03	9 07	9 00 Harrington	6 29	1 29	6 05
12 10		9 12 Farmington		1 17	5 46
12 20		9 26 Greenwood		1 07	5 30
12 30		9 42 Bridgeville		12 57	5 15
12 40		10 11 Seaford		12 41	4 45
1 02		10 36 Laurel		12 26	4 20
1 56		10 56 Delmar		12 18	4 00

The Mixed trains will be run subject to delays incident to freight business. Trains will stop only at stations where time is given.

Mixed Train north will stop at New Castle only to leave Passengers from Stations south.

Smyrna Branch Trains—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 10 45 a m and 7 45 p m. Leave Clayton for Smyrna 7 25 a m, 2 40, and 8 10 p m, to make connection with trains (North and South) from Clayton.

CONNECTIONS:

At Townsend, with Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road. At Clayton, with Maryland and Delaware Rail Road. At Harrington, with Junction and Breakwater Rail Road. At Seaford, with Dorchester and Delaware Rail Road. At Delmar, with Eastern Shore Rail Road, and Wicomico and Pocomoke Rail Road.

dec. 2-tf H. F. KENNEY, Sup't.

Professional.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS.
Notary Public,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

DR. THOS. H. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

MIDDLETO